

Impaled Fields

Black Funeral

Enriched in the mountains of an ancient land -
The wolves howl to our calls -
A banner stained in blood -
Black and crimson - a sign of strength -
The wallachian bat the raiding force -
Against the invading prey -
Let our stakes be sharpened against the sun -
Prepare to hold flesh high to the birds of prey -
Wallachian forest, wolves of the forest I call -
Swords sharpened and prepared for blood -
Let no arrows or wounds touch your backs -
Lest I impale you in the field of death -
To feed the land the blood of the living -
A am a Prince of Darkness - Of Draconian honor -
The banner of the dragon is held high -
Let our raiding force strike in night -
To bite and tear deep into the Turkish host -
To feed from their life and fly into the night -
As the bat and shadow embraced forest -
To feed from those straggling behind their armies -
Greeting them with a forest of the impaled -
Rotting and life taken to fuel our spirits -
Something they cannot break -
Hail thou Impaling Prince -
Prepare to hold flesh high to the birds of prey -
Let swords strike deep, let the mace fall into the skull -
The music of solves and the flies around the carrion -
Is the music of victory